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WINNING WAYS.

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Winning Ways

A Farce in One Act

By WALTER F. RICE

BOSTON
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1900

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Winning Ways

CHARACTERS

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THOMAS LEE	
BENJAMIN LEE,	*Tom's father*
MR. LEIGH,	
PERCY KNULLE,	*Who cause all the trouble*
MISS MERRIMAID,	
MRS. THOMAS LEE	

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Winning Ways.

SCENE.—*Reception room, St. James Hotel, New York. Time, forenoon.* MR. *and* MRS. THOMAS LEE *enter in traveling dress.*

THOMAS. Well, dear, here we are again. Exit romance, enter grim realism.

MRS. LEE. Did you register?

TOM. Yes, and with discriminate ordering and a slight curtailment in tips, I think we may be able to sojourn here for two days. (*Draws a bill from his pocket.*) This twenty is all that stands between us and penury.

MRS. LEE. That comes of quarreling with your father and marrying—for love. What are you going to do, Tom?

TOM. Find work and a flat. We may as well go about the latter at once.

MRS. LEE. And give up your career? Oh, Tom, I always thought you had such a judicial mind, and now you talk like a dunce.

TOM. I'm very sorry for your sake, Florence, but it's all father's fault. He was very quick-tempered and unreasonable; said I was too young to marry and all that sort of thing. If he could only see you, dear, he'd understand. Don't worry, I will support you. (*Embracing her.*)

MRS. LEE. Yes, Tom, but you needn't—now. Please remember that this is a public place and others may come in at any moment.

TOM (*releasing her*). Let them come. Let the guests all file through ——

FLORENCE. Tom!

TOM. Until their appetite for newly married couples has become utterly and permanently satiated!

FLORENCE (*picking up a newspaper*). Really, Tom, I think we've become quite notorious enough already. You should read that!

TOM. Never mind, I can read the headlines over here—

and imagine the rest. It would be more consistent with our present needs, dear, to read the "Flats to Let" column.

FLORENCE. No, Tom, I've thought it all over and you must go to your father and apologize.

TOM. Apologize! For what? For marrying the dearest little girl in the world? Not much! Oh, I can work. I'd rather be a street sweeper and have you ——

FLORENCE. Don't, Tom, please! Anything but that! Not that I am socially ambitious, but white duck is *so* unbecoming to you!

TOM. Well, I'll give that up if you insist. Can you suggest something better? I'll do anything you say.

FLORENCE. Then let me go to your father. I'm not in the least afraid of him.

TOM. No, I shall never consent to that.

FLORENCE. Why?

TOM. Because it's father's place to come to me. Until he does, I can't accept any more help from him. No, Florence, I'd rather starve.

FLORENCE. But you keep forgetting me. I suppose it's very unwifely to oppose everything you suggest, but I've always had such an aversion to—starving.

TOM. Well, then we'll give *that* up.

FLORENCE. You can't continue your law studies without help, Tom, and if you insist upon being foolish and obstinate I shall see your father myself—the very first opportunity I have.

TOM. You won't have long to wait.

FLORENCE. Why?

TOM. He's here.

FLORENCE. Who, your father?

TOM. Yes, here in the hotel, I mean. I saw him in the office as we came in, but I don't think he noticed us. (*Looks down the hall.*) Here he is now, and coming this way.

FLORENCE. Are you sure? Quick, Tom, tell me how he looks! You know I never saw him.

TOM. Oh, medium height—side whiskers—grey ——

FLORENCE. That will do. Now you leave him to me. Hurry, Tom! He mustn't see you. I'll run down and let you know what success I have as soon as it's over.

TOM. I don't like this, Florence, he may ——

FLORENCE. No, not a word. Let me have my way and I'll win him over — (*As* TOM *disappears.*) I hope he'll come in here.

Enter BENJAMIN LEE, *followed by* MR. LEIGH, *who immediately becomes absorbed in a newspaper.*

FLORENCE (*aside*). Two of them! Both side whiskers and grey. Now *which* one?

BENJAMIN LEE (*to himself walking up and down*). Not a word from Tom since he was married—married without my consent, too, the young beggar! House lonely as a tomb. Been staying here three days hoping to get a glimpse of him. Confound him! I'll run down and take another look at the register. [*Exit.*

FLORENCE (*to herself as* BENJ. LEE *disappears*). Dear me! What a nervous old gentleman! I'm sure he wasn't the one. No, he's not the least like Tom. This must be he. (*Draws nearer.*) Oh, how shall I introduce myself? (*Aloud.*) I—I beg your pardon, sir, am I addressing Mr. Lee?

MR. LEIGH (*politely rising and laying aside his paper*). You are, madam.

FLORENCE (*aside*). There! I knew it! (*Aloud.*) I—er—I wished to speak to you a moment about—about your son.

MR. LEIGH (*gravely*). Son? I have no son, madam!

FLORENCE (*aside*). How bitter he is! (*Aloud.*) So it seems to you now, sir, but you might have one if you could only forget the past and—feel that you had a new daughter.

MR. LEIGH (*aside*). Son—forget the past—new daughter—(*Aloud.*) Pardon me, madam, but will you kindly inform me of whom you are speaking?

FLORENCE (*entreatingly*). Why, of your boy. Indeed, I might almost say, *our* boy. Didn't I tell you? I am Mrs. Lee, you know.

MR. LEIGH (*aside*). Good heavens! She imagines herself my wife!

FLORENCE (*sweetly*). Yes, you are my father now, you see.

MR. LEIGH (*aside*). Husband! Father! I'll be her great-aunt in a minute. Doing pretty well for a bachelor. What a strange hallucination, and so young, too! I must humor her. (*Aloud.*) Oh, yes, now I see. I'm afraid I'm getting to be a very dull old fellow. You *are* my daughter—my new daughter.

FLORENCE (*triumphantly*). There! You do admit it, and you are not angry, either. Oh, I'm so glad. May I get Tom?

MR. LEIGH (*aside*). Admit it—get Tom—I don't like that. (*Aloud.*) Oh, yes, get Tom. Get Tom, by all means. By the way, where is Tom now?

FLORENCE. Why, he was here a moment ago, but he ran

away when he saw you. I'm sure you didn't mean to hurt Tom, but I'm afraid, Mr. Lee, you did stroke him the wrong way—just a little. Have you been here long?

MR. LEIGH (*aside*). Tom must be a cat! (*Aloud.*) Oh no, you see I—I came down last night.

FLORENCE. You know I never saw your home—Tom's home— Is it far from here?

MR. LEIGH (*affecting a mysterious air*). Sh! Can you keep a secret?

FLORENCE. I'll try.

MR. LEIGH. 'Tis only visible at night.

FLORENCE. At night!

MR. LEIGH. Sh! I'm the man in the moon, and the spirit of men's dreams.

FLORENCE. Dreams!

MR. LEIGH. Welsh rarebit's made of green cheese!

FLORENCE (*innocently adapting herself to his humor, as she supposes and carrying on the joke*). Oh, how wonderful!

MR. LEIGH. Sh! And some night you shall return with me—you and Tom—on a moonbeam in a tiny chariot all made of spiders' webs and drawn by a million little white mice!

FLORENCE. Ah, but the mice will eat away the moon and we shall perish in the milky way!

MR. LEIGH. No. O, no; you forget Tom. Tom will devour the mice and drink the milky way!

FLORENCE. Oh, rapture! You have removed every obstacle. I do hope, Mr. Lee, you can arrange the trip soon, for 'twould be such a place for a honeymoon. I'm afraid you haven't forgiven Tom, though, or you wouldn't put such a task upon him. A million mice is a great many, and you know he never takes milk—not even in his coffee. Are you quite sure you have forgiven him?

MR. LEIGH. Oh, yes, I've forgiven him. Don't let that worry you.

FLORENCE. Then you wait here and I'll bring him right up. Now, don't run away! (*She pauses on the threshold a moment, throws* MR. LEIGH *a kiss and vanishes.*)

MR. LEIGH (*mopping his brow*). There goes the most captivating little lunatic I ever met, but I don't believe I'll wait for Tom. I understood this was a hotel. It's a madhouse.

[*Exit.*

Enter MISS MERRIMAID, *becomingly attired.*

MISS MERRIMAID (*consulting her watch*). Five minutes

past, and he isn't here. I'm glad of it for I must confess I feel a little nervous. Oh dear, I know it's scandalous, but if he isn't a perfect gentleman I can leave at once. I wouldn't do it except for a wager. (*Produces a note and reads.*) "Dear Unknown:—Will meet you at place designated Wednesday forenoon at ten o'clock for an interview. Wear yellow chrysanthemum." Signed, "P-O-P-P-E-R," Popper. Popper—What a funny pseudonym. I'm glad I brought Cora along for a chaperon. I hope she won't get tired waiting.

Enter BENJAMIN LEE, *rubbing his hands good-humoredly.*

BENJ. LEE (*to himself*). Well, I've found the young scamp. Thought I was angry with him for eloping with the girl he loved. Ha—ha—ha— Did the same thing myself. Would never have forgiven him if he hadn't. Said I'd find her here waiting for me. There she is, now. Wants to have a talk with me, eh? What a pretty little woman. My daughter. Always wanted one, too. (*Aloud.*) Ahem! Er—beg pardon, madam—er—I might say—my dear ——

MISS MERRIMAID (*aside*). This is he, and the advertisement said thirty-five. My! the old deceiver! (*Aloud.*) You might, but I wouldn't—not on such short acquaintance, you know. You are late, Mr.—Popper.

BENJ. LEE (*aside*). Calls me papa—now I like that. (*Aloud.*) That's right, call me papa. But if I'm your father, why shouldn't I say "my dear"?

MISS MERRIMAID (*aside*). Really, he's getting facetious. (*Aloud.*) It must occur to you, sir, that you are very different from what I had been—led to imagine.

BENJ. LEE (*aside*). Tom must have told her I was a bear. (*Aloud.*) Well, yes, dear, I suppose I am a little hasty sometimes; but I hadn't seen you then, you know. Why, a fellow couldn't help eloping with you. Now, do I look angry?

MISS MERRIMAID (*aside*). He means to elope with me. The wicked old man! (*Aloud.*) I may have been indiscreet in coming here, sir, but you may as well understand at once that I should never think of eloping with any one.

BENJ. LEE. Oh, well, call it what you like, only you are to come home with me at once. Tom has agreed to that, you know.

MISS MERRIMAID. Has he, indeed! I should think, Mr—Popper, that you would be ashamed of yourself. Where is your "curly brown hair" and your "blonde moustache"? You know why I am here. It may have been wrong and foolish,

but I didn't expect to be insulted by a man old enough to be my grandfather!

BENJ. LEE (*with increasing amazement*). But, my dear young lady, you—you ——

MISS MERRIMAID. Don't speak to me, Mr.—Popper! You have said quite enough already. Before I go I should like you to understand, sir, that I am not the—the adventuress you think me ——

BENJ. LEE (*aside*). Adventuress!

MISS MERRIMAID. But a lady—possibly the first lady, Mr. —Popper, that you ever had the honor of addressing.

BENJ. LEE. Why, you—you— Oh, if my wife could hear this!

MISS MERRIMAID (*aside*). Married! Oh, worse and worse! (*Aloud.*) Don't come near me, sir, or I shall ring. (*Tears off her chrysanthemum and throws it on the floor.*) There! You may find that useful, Mr.—Popper, at your next interview with some "Dear Unknown!" [*Exit.*

BENJ. LEE. Poor Tom, married to a lunatic, and I must tell him. [*Exit.*

FLORENCE (*entering alone*). Dear me, I wonder where Tom can have disappeared to! I've looked everywhere. And Mr. Lee gone, too! No wonder he got tired waiting. I suppose he's gone to find Tom. (*Picks up the chrysanthemum and places it in her buttonhole.*) What a beauty. Some one was very extravagant.

PERCY KNULLE *enters hastily with his watch in his hand, but pauses abruptly on perceiving* FLORENCE.

PERCY KNULLE. Gad! I was afraid the bird had flown. (*Notices the chrysanthemum.*) Yes, she's the one, and a peach, too!

FLORENCE. I do wish he would come.

PERCY KNULLE (*aside*). Wishes I would come! Oh, I'm a winner! (*Aloud.*) Er—I beg pardon, Miss—Babby, cable cars all tied up—couldn't get a hansom, you know. Ran from Fourteenth street—er—warm, isn't it?

FLORENCE (*icily*). I don't understand you, sir. My name is not Miss Babby.

PERCY KNULLE. Oh, that's all right. Babby—name you gave, you know.

FLORENCE (*aside*). What a queer acting man, and so persistent.

PERCY KNULLE (*winking slyly*). Did you ever hear of "Popper"?

FLORENCE (*aside*). Goodness, he must be crazy! I don't dare to offend him until Tom gets here. What shall I say! (*Glances toward the door.*) Yes, it is quite, in fact—very warm, Mr. Popper.

PERCY KNULLE (*aside*). We're getting on! (*Aloud.*) Er—I say, Miss Babby, let's sit down over here—we can talk easier, you know.

FLORENCE (*continues glancing toward the door*). You must excuse me, Mr. Popper, but I can talk so much easier—standing up. (*Aside.*) What can be keeping him?

PERCY KNULLE. You don't need to stand a mile away, do you? Er—I didn't bring a megaphone, you know. (*Aside.*) This is what I call a frappéed tête-à-tête.

FLORENCE (*aside*). Hm! He isn't so crazy, after all; lunatics don't joke that way. (*With dignity.*) Possibly it was my *husband* you wished to see. He will be here in a moment.

PERCY KNULLE (*aside*). Husband! Whew! Chrysanthemum—St. James—odd coincidence—guess I'd better be off. (*Aloud.*) I beg pardon—appointment somewhere—must have been St. Denis—so much alike, you know. Bothersome.

[*Exit.*

FLORENCE (*dropping into a chair*). Well, I'm glad he's gone! (*As* TOM *enters.*) Oh, Tom, where have you been? Why, I've looked everywhere. Did you see him—that specimen?

TOM (*aside*). Specimen! She means father. Can it be as he said? Oh no, it's too hideous!

FLORENCE. Why, Tom, you look glum enough. What's the matter?

TOM. I've seen him.

FLORENCE. Who?

TOM. Father.

FLORENCE. And I've been wondering where you were. Has he told you all about our talk together?

TOM. Yes.

FLORENCE. Well, what do you think of *me* for a diplomat?

TOM. Diplomat!

FLORENCE. Well, aren't you glad?

TOM. Glad!

FLORENCE. Tom, what ails you? Can't you do anything but repeat words? I should think you were a parrot.

TOM (*aside*). Excuse me, Florence, father is very deeply hurt.

FLORENCE. Hurt!

TOM. Yes.

FLORENCE. What about?

TOM (*aside*). What about!

FLORENCE. Tom, you haven't had more words with your father, have you, after I've smoothed everything all over?

TOM (*gently*). Understand, I don't blame you, dear. I dare say father was very unreasonable, but I'm afraid you said er—er—more than you thought.

FLORENCE. I! And we had such a jolly talk together!

TOM. Jolly!

FLORENCE. You never told me, Tom, that your father joked like that.

TOM. Joked!

FLORENCE. Why, yes, he told the drollest story about a trip to the moon.

TOM (*aside*). The moon!

FLORENCE. On a moonbeam, in a chariot all made of spiders' webs and drawn by a million little white mice.

TOM (*aside*). Dear little wife, I must be good to her—very good to her.

FLORENCE. And you were to save us from all sorts of imaginary disasters by drinking—what do you think, Tom?

TOM (*absently*). I? I can't imagine, dear.

FLORENCE. Well, guess!

TOM (*desperately*). Er—er—poison, perhaps.

FLORENCE. The milky way!

TOM. Father said that, did he?

FLORENCE. All in the gravest and most mysterious manner. Then I went out to find you, and when I returned he was gone!

TOM (*aside*). It's no use, she believes that. I wonder what she imagines she said to father. (*Aloud; gently.*) Do you remember getting very angry with father, dear?

FLORENCE. Angry!

TOM. Yes, you imagined father was insulting you, you know—do you remember that?

FLORENCE. Insulting me! Why, Tom, are you crazy? I believe you *are* crazy. It's in the air. The strangest mortal just left here, and now you talk as if—Tom, why do you look at me in that way? What has happened—tell me!

TOM. Florence, try and think. Don't you remember get-

ting very angry with father for some fancied insult and asking him where his curly brown hair was, or something of the sort? You know I told you he was grey. And then you tore off that chrysanthemum and threw it on the floor and left him. Don't you remember anything about that, dear?

FLORENCE (*with a relieved sigh*). Oh, Tom, why didn't you tell me you were joking?

TOM (*aside*). Dear little girl. I can't believe she's unbalanced, and yet, I never saw father so cut up about anything. He even spoke of a divorce. (*Aloud.*) Where are you going, Florence?

FLORENCE (*starting for the door*). I'm going to find Mr. Lee.

TOM (*taking hold of her arm*). No, no, Florence, you mustn't. You don't understand. I'm not joking. Father told me all this, and more, not five minutes ago. He's so much offended that he is going to leave the hotel at once. Either you or he, or both of you, or all of us are crazy. We must go away, dear, immediately. (*Releases her.*)

FLORENCE. Are you serious, Tom? Your father told you that!

TOM. Yes, and that you said he was an old man—old enough to be your grandfather. Father is very sensitive about his age.

FLORENCE. Called him an old man! Why, if your father said that, then it must be that he was joking.

TOM. I'm afraid not. I never saw father look like that when he was joking.

FLORENCE (*aside*). Now I think of it, he did act a little queer. I wonder if — (*Aloud.*) Tom, does your father ever drink?

TOM. No—er—not in that way, Florence, of course not.

FLORENCE. Where is your father, Tom? He can explain this—he must explain it—it must be a joke or—something. Where is he?

TOM. Gone by this time, probably. It's all up with us now, so far as he is concerned. It was all my fault in sending him in to you.

FLORENCE. Sending him in to me! Why, Tom, you didn't send him in. They came in together after you had left—two of them.

TOM. Two of them!

FLORENCE. You know what I mean, two gentlemen, one was a funny old ——

TOM (*as* BENJ. LEE *enters*). Father!

FLORENCE (*aside*). Merciful heavens! What did he say?

BENJ. LEE (*advancing cautiously*). Where is she, Tom?

TOM (*he motions* FLORENCE *to withdraw, but she pays no attention and continues to gaze at* BENJ. LEE *in speechless astonishment*). What is it, father?

BENJ. LEE (*shaking his son's hand*). Tom, my poor boy, I'm off in half an hour. Think over what I said, for as I'm your father, Tom, she's a shrew—a demoniacal shrew—a ——

TOM (*indicating* FLORENCE). Father, don't you see?

BENJ. LEE. See what, Tom?

TOM (*faintly*). My wife!

BENJ. LEE (*staring at* FLORENCE). Wife—she—wife ——

FLORENCE. He—father! Then — to —whom — did —I — throw—that—kiss? Oh, Tom! we are disgraced! (*Sinks into a chair.*)

TOM (*turning from one to the other*). What do you mean, Florence? Father, can't you speak? Are you petrified? Florence—Florence—O, Lord! He was right. She is crazy. We are all crazy!

(TOM *falls into a chair, while his father continues staring at them both in helpless bewilderment.*)

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ACT II.—The Union camp. The spy. The fortune of war. A secret move. In a tight place. Ladies in camp. Cornered. The dispatches. The capture. FACE TO FACE.

ACT III.—The court-martial. The weight of evidence. Self-betrayed. Alabama Joe, the scout. A life at stake. The whole truth. The tie of blood. A brother's testimony. The prisoner's defence. "I am guilty." The fate of a spy. DEATH.

ACT IV.—The prison cell. Alone with death. A surprise. True love. A chance of escape. A strange promise. Brothers and rivals. The trap. "The underground route." An impossible condition. "Then die like a dog." An interruption. Changing guard. "Now is your time." "I love my country, but you are still my brother." THE ESCAPE.

ACT V.—Home again. The neglected farm. An Irish-American affair. Sentenced. "The first girl you meet." Living or dead. In disguise. "One slip of the tongue, and I am lost." A disagreeable visitor. A message from the tomb. "Thank God! he died like a man with his face to the foe." The cup and the lip. "Michael, you have saved my life." A traitor's death and a patriot's love. THE END OF ALL.

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ACT I.— The wearing of the green. The patriot priest. Black Donald's courtship. The spy. Gerald and Alice. Out of exile. The hour of need. The Squire's plot. An unseen witness. The man of the hour. "I know that I can trust you." The accusation. A counter plot. To the rescue. The tables turned. THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

ACT II.— The outlaw's home. An awkward squad. A soldier priest. Brother and sister. A discovery. Betrayed by a friend. A good smoke. Kitty Callahan and the ghost. Kissing a spirit. An unfortunate substitute. "Take that for yer throuble." The captured spy. The Squire's danger. Alice's escape. "Let us hang the both of them." A halt. Face to face at last. The man of God. Good for evil. "The road lies before you — go!" THE RED ABOVE THE GREEN.

ACT III.— The cabin in the hills. Myles ahead. Another taste of the spirit. Kitty's suspicions. The ghost's command. "In order to save yer life, I'll marry ye." The eagle and the crow. An unwelcome visitor. Offers of peace. The silver lining. The outlaw's wooing. Myles and the Squire. "Now will I bust him on the head wid a bit o' rock?" A free pardon. Forgive and forget. Westward ho! THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER ALL.

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SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—Dave Martin's house. Gerald and the gun. The revenue men. A bitter past. Father and daughter. A shadow from the grave. The confession. "I killed him." The lost wife. "The fairy of the mountain." Blarney. The traitor. An enemy in the camp. A double motive. The price of liberty. An accidental meeting. "Be warned in time." A counter warning. The stranger. "My God, my husband." Reunited.

ACT II.—The cave in the mountains. The midnight raid. "There's no such word as fail." Gerald's discovery. Dave's last offence. A Judas's kiss. "Too late, too late." After fourteen years. Mother and daughter. The "wildcat" still. A generous gauger. "I am here not to capture but to save." The counter-mine. For love's sake. Drawing the net. The meeting. An infamous bargain. A husband's arm. "Never, you devil!" Foiled.

ACT III.—In New York. An anniversary. Visions of the past. Matrimonial schemes. An enemy in the dark. "He may strike through those you love." An alliance. For richer and for poorer. Gerald's uncle. The serpent on the hearth. Chloroformed. Just in time. "Your bullet pierced his heart." Revenged.

The Man From Texas.

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By BERNARD FRANCIS MOORE.

Two male, two female characters. Costumes modern; scenery simple. An easy and amusing slap-dash farce for young people. The "Texan desperado" is a capital part. Plays twenty-five minutes.

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SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—The country post-office. Swapstown gossip. After the mail. Zeke's mare. A bicycle accident. A dog-muzzle for Deacon Perkins. "Do you want your whiskers to go inside or hang through?" Myra's lover. "A peck o' flour." Charley's uncle. A fortune in sight. The unsealed letter. The grocery bill. "There's trickery here!"

ACT II.—The old homestead. Hard wood. "A nice piece ob watermillion." A game for $50,000 stakes. The stolen letter. "Some one knows my secret." A languid lover. The naked truth. A human snake. The straight tip. A golden legacy. Turning the tables. The new will. "Possession is nine points of the law."

ACT III.—The ruined mill. Hiding the treasure. An interview. Turning the screws. The biter bit. Third hand high. The steel trap. A true heroine. "Wash" and the ghost. "Of two evils choose neither." Guilty or not guilty. The trial. A neat turn. "I've caught the thieving rat, and there he is."

ACT IV.—The Palmer House, Chicago. A secret mission. A fly waiter. "I could change it if it was a six-dollar bill." The ball rolling. The deserted wife. The mask off. A champion to the rescue. "Don't shoot—my hands are up." Zeke and the "elephant" The coochee-coochee girls. The divorce. The Ferris wheel. Charley pays his "Bets." "A rich man now." Into the trap. The arrest. "No, Bets, for a lifetime, as they do "Down East."

Sauce for the Goose.

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By MARGARET VERE F. LIVINGSTON.

Three male, one female character. A high-class farce full of refined fun, turning upon "hypnotism." Plays briskly in about twenty minutes. Particularly suitable for parlor performance.

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A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

A Drama in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters; scenery, all interiors. This is a "problem" play continuing the series to which "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" belong, and while strongly dramatic, and intensely interesting is not suited for amateur performance. It is recommended for Reading Clubs. (1895.)

THE PROFLIGATE.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. This is a piece of serious interest, powerfully dramatic in movement, and tragic in its event. An admirable play, but not suited for amateur performance. (1892.)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors, easily arranged. This ingenious and laughable farce was played by Miss Rosina Vokes during her last season in America with great success. Its plot is amusing, its action rapid and full of incident, its dialogue brilliant, and its scheme of character especially rich in quaint and humorous types. The Hon. Vere Queckett and Peggy are especially strong. The piece is in all respects suitable for amateurs. (1894.)

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. This well-known and powerful play is not well suited for amateur performance. It is offered to Mr. Pinero's admirers among the reading public in answer to the demand which its wide discussion as an acted play has created. (1894.)

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A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and four female characters. Scene, a single interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and fashionable. This well known and popular piece is admirably suited to amateur players, by whom it has been often given during the last few years. Its story is strongly sympathetic, and its comedy interest abundant and strong. (1893.)

THE TIMES.

A Comedy in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Six male and seven female characters. Scene, a single elegant interior; costumes, modern and fashionable. An entertaining piece, of strong dramatic interest and admirable satirical humor. (1892.)

THE WEAKER SEX.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, not difficult. This very amusing comedy was a popular feature of the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this country. It presents a plot of strong dramatic interest, and its incidental satire of "Woman's Rights" employs some admirably humorous characters, and inspires many very clever lines. Its leading characters are unusually even in strength and prominence, which makes it a very satisfactory piece for amateurs. (1894.)

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